The New REPUBLIC

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In this issue:

Rebecca West on Ellen Key

Frank H. Simonds on Bulgaria

Robert Herrick on Mary S. Watts

"The Retirement of Mr. Bryan"

"John Dewey's Philosophy"

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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SAMUEL GOMPERS, President of the American Federation of Labor, was invited not long ago to deliver an address before the Civic Club, whose members are students at the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Gompers went to Philadelphia, and the address was delivered. But this did not happen without opposition. Provost Edgar F. Smith refused to permit the use of any university building by Mr. Gompers and his audience. The students turned this difficulty by hiring a hall. They posted announcements of Mr. Gompers's address about the campus. These announcements were torn down. By whose order? Nobody knows yet, though the students hope to find out. After the meeting several hundred of them got together and formed an association "to promote the free discussion of public issues on the campus." Resolutions were adopted condemning the university authorities for excluding Mr. Gompers. Although Provost Smith seems to have acted from first to last with characteristic frankness, the student Faculty was responsible. The net results of the affair are that many students are suspicious, that many of them heard Mr. Gompers in a more receptive mood than would have been theirs if no attempt to suppress him had been made, that many of them look upon the authorities as stupid opponents of free speech. No doubt a faculty of such distinction and independence as the University of Pennsylvania's will take steps to dissociate itself from this stupidity.

MEXICO continues to be a bad business, which the administration is unable either to handle or to ignore. The menace to the lives of foreigners resident in Mexico City has become so serious that an extremely "stiff" protest was dispatched to Carranza during the past week, but it has not availed to induce that gentleman to modify his policy. Carranza thrives on diplomatic protests. No matter how "stiff" you make them, he can compose for you an equally "stiff" retort. It makes little difference in Mexico now what kind of letters State departments, generals or lawyers write. They no longer count unless they are backed up by force. Some warships have been ordered to Vera Cruz, but President Wilson warmly repudiates the suggestion that they are to be used to bring pressure to bear on Carranza. In spite of rumors to the contrary, the President has, we believe, no intention of repeating his earlier experiment at Vera Cruz or of going it one better. He will not consider intervention in Mexico except as a last resort—except as an alternative to European intervention, or at the dictation of an overwhelming demand by American public opinion. For the present he is safe from both. He is right in allowing to the Mexicans every chance to end their own difficulties, but the outlook for the restoration of peace and order becomes more and more discouraging. The situation has escaped any control by anybody. Ma...

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in Mexico or from intervening under the most unfavorable conditions and at the heaviest possible expense.

PEACE conferences would be more fruitful if the conferees would only restrict the scope of their work. The recent conference at Chicago adopted a "platform" which was for the most part a moderate and suggestive document. It did not even recommend disarmament, except as part of an international movement in that direction. But as a program for American pacifists it had the grave disadvantage of concentrating attention upon a number of proposals in relation to which no effective action can be taken by the American nation. They all depended for their adoption upon the active support of the belligerent countries. Such a statement of principles unquestionably has a peculiar value as a definite crystallization of pacifist ideals; but its value is not that of a practicable program. Indeed, the conference itself merely recommended the "nation-wide discussion" of its principles rather than vigorous and definite agitation for their realization. This appeal for discussion rather than for agitation illustrates the weakness of much peace propaganda. What we need in this country is not a philosophy of peace which is offered frankly as something to write and talk about. We need a program of action, which, if followed out, will diminish the chances of possible participation in a war by the United States, and which will take advantage of any immediate opportunity to organize neutral powers in favor of a peaceful adjustment of international dissensions. The discussion of general principles is, of course, desirable, but it tends to be fruitless unless it is nourished by an increasing experience derived from successful or unsuccessful attempts to act on behalf of peace. At present most of the talk comes from the pacifists, and most of the action comes from the militarists. It will continue to be so until the pacifists develop a practicable program of action which is reconcilable with manifest and imperative national responsibilities.

IN the scurry at the end of Congress two important measures were strangled. They were the Palmer-Owen bill to prohibit interstate shipment of goods manufactured or handled by young children, and the Booker-Hughes measure permitting each state to protect its market against the competition of prison-made goods shipped in from other states. What happened was this: The Senate was considering bills on the regular calendar, omitting all but those which had already passed consideration of any measure. For each of these humane bills there was one obstructionist ready, and so the bills simply were not voted upon. Yet a poll of the Senate would probably have shown a majority in their favor. The Senate, however, in those last days had ceased to be a legislative body. It had organized itself into a machine for making up lost time; and one crank out of order can spoil any machine.

THE new Trade Commission begins its work under conditions which will for the present paralyze its efficiency. Congress has failed to appropriate any money for rent, for furniture, or for the employment of counsel, special attorneys, examiners, or trained economists. Apart from a secretary at a salary of $5,000, it cannot compensate any employee at the rate of more than $1,800 a year. When one remembers the enormous importance of the work, no less exacting and difficult than that of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the limitation is equivalent to the refusal by Congress to support an administration agency which it decided to constitute after an unusually prolonged deliberation. Moreover, the refusal does not seem to be the accidental result of the hurry and confusion under which the appropriation bills were finally passed. It appears to be intentional on the part of the Democratic leaders of the lower House. The House bill which contained the offensive limitation on the spending power of the Commission was amended in the Senate by raising the limit to $7,500, but the amendment disappeared in conference. How could it have disappeared except as the result of a conscious desire to injure the Commission and its work? Incidents of this kind are among the most frequent and disheartening results of American legislative methods and practices.

THE lower house in Colorado has passed a measure to abolish the Juvenile Court. This will come as a shock to many believers in woman suffrage outside Colorado who regard the Juvenile Court as a special care of the woman citizen. As a matter of fact, it is unlikely that the Colorado Senate will sanction the measure, but whether it does or not, the incident should open suffragists' eyes to the realities that succeed the franchise. It is false to argue that enfranchised womanhood means automatic "good" legislation. The ideals with which women start out in politics will not be translated into fact without consummate effort. We may dream in marble, but we must labor in clay. From this necessity women are exempt no more than men. That Colorado's finest judicial

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sert that he is competent for the ordinary tasks of his office. For the extraordinary tasks of the great war he is a disaster, a humiliation to himself and to the whole American people. He has disproved the old maxim that crises produce great men. Mr. Bryan is by no conceivable turn of language anything more than a genially narrow-minded provincial. In the hands of men like Grey of England, Sazonoff of Russia, or Naon of the Argentine, Mr. Bryan would be like a petted and ill-informed child. To the hard-headed, sophisticated diplomatists who will settle this war, Secretary Bryan would be like a duffer in an operating room. They may use him—that is quite possible—but that he will move them, or dominate them, is inconceivable. Whatever prestige the United States may have left at the end of the war will not count to good purpose if it is wielded by a man who is known the world over for benevolent ineptitude.

Even though we disregard the future and think only of the present, it is positively nerve-wracking to contemplate Mr. Bryan in his present office. Assume that the President and Mr. Lansing conduct his department for him, and you cannot escape the conclusion that this is the one time of all others when the President needs a man as Secretary of State who can help him, not a man whom he has to help. Mr. Wilson himself is not a superman, not even a specially talented student of foreign affairs. How then, with all the terrible burdens of his office, can he hope to limp along at a time like this unaided by a competent Secretary of State? After the political necessities of the situation have been faced, after the full domestic value of Mr. Bryan has been recognized, the fact remains that he is a liability in a crisis when the country cannot afford the handicap of his presence. It is not a question of jokes at Mr. Bryan's expense, of personal dislike, of partisanship, of anything but the supreme consideration that Mr. Bryan is an unnecessary peril injected into a situation that is already perilous enough.

The country might well feel that it has a right to insist upon his retirement. A case could be made out to show that however deeply the demand would hurt Mr. Bryan now, it would hurt him less than if it should be based on some costly blunder. It is even possible to imagine him resigning in such a way as to win the respect of the nation. The simple truth—that he goes out to make room for a trained official and expert in international affairs—might be regarded as a piece of high patriotism, and only an utter cad body knows that he has failed. But a failure admitted is quickly forgiven, and the courage which inspired the confession would more than anything else win back for Mr. Bryan the popularity he has lost.

Yet we know perfectly well that he will not resign. The President would not dare let him go, for Mr. Bryan is still a great political asset. He represents the solid substance of the Democratic party. As a free lance there is no telling what he would do, and Mr. Wilson may well be saying to himself that he would rather bear the ills he has than fly to others that he knows not of. For in the last analysis William Jennings Bryan in office is one of the fixed charges of a system of government founded on the theory of two outwardly homogenous parties. He is in the Cabinet and he will remain in the Cabinet to preserve the fiction that the Democrats are a united political group.

The Rota

NOTWITHSTANDING the excellent general record of the Sixty-third Congress, candid Democrats themselves admit that it made in one respect an egregious failure. It was shamelessly and flagrantly prodigal in the appropriation of public money. When the Democrats were in opposition they denounced Republican extravagance. But when they came into power they were not prevented by the certainty of declining revenues and the prospect of a serious deficit from surpassing the Republican record for profuse expenditure. While they talked much about economy, they economized in nothing except in appropriation for national defense and general social welfare. They spent the people's money, as so many Congresses have done before, largely for local political purposes.

In not a single case did the Sixty-third Congress attempt to eradicate any of the ancient grafts or fail to fill any of the regular pork barrels. The Army and Navy appropriation bills left undisturbed the unnecessary posts and yards. The omnibus Pension bill, the Rivers and Harbors bill and the Public Building bill were made up as usual by negotiation, and the pork distributed widely enough to assure a majority. The Rivers and Harbors bill did not pass in the intended form, but it appropriated $25,000,000 and authorized some 200 surveys of fresh projects with a prospective cost of many millions. The Public Buildings bill of March 4th, 1913, provided for 327 buildings. The supervising architect reported that "the last of

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the beginning of the calendar year 1920." Nevertheless the Sundry Civil Appropriations bill at the present session authorized about 150 new buildings or extensions, and the porkers are professing to enlarge the staff of the supervising architect so that as the pork barrels roll out of Congress he can keep pace with them.

Meanwhile river navigation is declining under Congressional encouragement, and the new buildings distributed as district pork embarrass the transaction of public business. Postmaster-General Burleson, in common with his predecessors, dislikes the buildings thrust upon the department, because they are unnecessarily elaborate and expensive. In numerous cases the janitor service will cost more than the government now has to pay for rent and service combined, and it will obtain from this increased expenditure a diminished efficiency. For convenience of receiving and shipping mail, post-offices should ordinarily be situated as near to railway stations as are the offices of express companies, but they are rarely placed where they are needed because the porkers want them in the center of the town, where they will boost real estate and make a bigger show. Hence Jasper, Alabama, with a population of 2,500, where the government is now spending $372 a year for rent, heat, light and janitor service, is in the bill for an appropriation of $107,000. Its case is not at all exceptional. Enterprising Congressmen make bigger hauls than that. In 1913, Wilmington, N.C., where the gross receipts of the custom-house are $28,000 a year, got an appropriation of $600,000 for a new building to house a business which employs four officials and at present costs the government twenty-five cents for each dollar collected.

And so it goes. Parties may rise and fall, Congressmen may come and go, but the same old game continues. The only practical effect of elections is to introduce from time to time a new group of players more or less greedy than their predecessors. The Democratic majority in the Sixty-third Congress were more than usually greedy because the party had been so long out of power; but it is absurd to charge the abuse against either party. It belongs to both parties, and to the system of district representation with which the two-party system is so intimately associated. Individual Congressmen protest against it, but the vast majority, no matter whether they are Republicans or Democrats, progressives or stand-patters, Northerners or Southerners, farmers or lawyers, accept it without protest and apparently without compunction. President Wilson has never raised good humor, he cannot afford effectually to protest.

Congressional extravagance constitutes an illustration of a political disease of which history affords many examples. It is a well developed case of the Rota—of a conspiracy of the parts of the political body successively to drain the vitality of the whole. A conspiracy of this kind works through and behind the ordinary machinery of government. Ordinary political issues are mere red herrings to distract public attention from it. Elections, candidacies, party organizations, social and political agitation, the whole apparatus of the representative system become subsidiary to it. The Rota is a veritable cancer, a morbid growth within the victim's constitution, nourished by its resources and flourishing on its vitality. It has been the curse of republics and is the usual cause of their death.

The present emergency is so grave that frank admissions are being made. On February sixth Chairman Underwood of the Ways and Means Committee told the House that "reckless expenditure of the public money has always been a cancer that in the end destroyed republics," and that the way to escape was to "centralize the control of the appropriations." Chairman Fitzgerald of the Appropriations Committee declared, "One thing that is essential to accomplish in this body is to deprive the individual member of Congress of the right to initiate expenditures." He went on to commend the English budget rule, by which it is out of order to propose any appropriation not requested by the government.

In calling attention to the disastrous consequences of the right now possessed by individual Congressmen to initiate expenditures, Mr. Fitzgerald undoubtedly pointed to the essential defect of the existing system of appropriation and to its one possible remedy. To leave the initiation of appropriations to individuals is to expose the public treasury to systematic raids undertaken by combinations of individuals. What is needed is a centralized budget control, but even though responsible Congressional leaders such as Messrs. Underwood and Fitzgerald have come to favor a centralized budget and a limitation upon the initiative of individual Congressmen, Congress will never, except perhaps at the time of some terrible crisis, willingly consent to the reform of its own method of appropriation. At one time an attempt was made to organize some kind of budget control by bringing together the chairmen of the various appropriation committees. One conference was enough to develop such conflicts of policy and purpose that it broke up without accomplishing anything. The attempt was never repeated. Con-

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gress itself will have to be imposed from without by a sufficiently powerful body of national public opinion, and the most effective instrument of national public opinion is the presidency. Some day a President will be elected who will fight throughout his whole term of office for a scentific budget —a budget framed by the administration according to some general appraisal of the relative importance of different classes of expenditure, and subject to reduction but not to increase by Congress.

France and England

"AMONG all the sorrows of the war there is one joy for us in it, that it has made us brothers with the French as no other nations have ever been brothers before. There has come to us after ages of conflict a kind of millennium of friendship; and in that we feel there is hope for the world that outweighs all our fears, even at the height of the world-wide calamity."

The foregoing quotation is reprinted from the London *Times*. It has neither the manner nor the substance of an article which would have appeared in the *Times* ten or twenty years ago, and its publication in that journal is a good illustration of the ruinous effect of the war on the most cherished national traditions. It betrays a warmth of feeling, and a willingness to express such feeling in eager and emphatic words, which are far more French than English. When the London *Times* becomes effusive, what is going to happen to the constitution and the empire? Doubtless this warmth and candor of expression is born of an emotional tension, superinduced by the risks, the sacrifices and the losses of the war, but one must look in another direction for its full explanation. English reticence was associated with English self-sufficiency. Now that England is no longer self-sufficient, Englishmen naturally tend to become more articulate and companionable. If after centuries of cross purposes, recrimination, fighting and hatred, an Englishman is to celebrate community of feeling and action between the two countries, the expression of the new feeling with French emphasis rather than with English reticence is surely a touching and convincing circumstance.

Have the English really become brothers to the French as no two peoples have ever been brothers before? Have the two nations entered upon a millennium of friendship? These are formidable phrases. A man who knows how official England and France are talking about one another in private, and who remembers the vicissitudes of international relationship, may well smile at their implicit credulity. Just as enemies in war are often possessed by an illusion of hatred, so allies may suddenly become brothers in spirit as well as companions in diplomacy and arms, unless they have in some very exceptional way been preparing to form a community.

Such is, we believe, the case with France and England. Their friendship possesses an altogether peculiar promise of fertility and endurance. The two nations are capable of mutual attachment because centuries of negotiation, intercourse, commerce, rivalry and warfare have adjusted them one to the other. They have fought out their differences. They have come to realize the scope and the importance of their common interests. As we know them to-day, they are in a sufficient measure the product of their action and reaction one upon the other. If France were taken out of English history, how much of England would be left? The influence of England upon France has been even more profound, because the French were the more imitative and sympathetic of the two peoples. French national life both within and without has been constantly informed by English influences.

The conquest of England by an army of Norman-French marauders resulted in the political organization of that country as the first aggressive national monarchy in Europe. The English became powerful enough some centuries later almost to subjugate the disorganized French people. The French nation as an effective political unit and as a formidable military power was born of resistance to English aggression. France in its turn was organized under the leadership of a national monarchy, and her increasing strength was sufficient to cure England of aggressive ambitions in Europe. Later England was preoccupied chiefly with checking France. From 1660 to 1815 English policy was dominated by the necessity of curbing actual or possible French aggression. England succeeded because France was trying to be dominant at once in Europe, in America and in Asia, while England was content with a defensive policy in Europe and an aggressive one beyond the seas. But at the end of this phase of their connection France dealt to England a terrible blow when she assisted the American colonies to win their independence.

These centuries of conflict established the conditions under which France and England could live together as good neighbors if not as warm friends. A France which had, like England, renounced aggressive designs in Europe, had no longer a sufficient reason to fight its island neighbor. At the very beginning of the French Revolution, Talleyrand divined that a liberal France, situated on the margin of a less liberal Europe, needed an under-

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Talleyrand himself went to England as ambassador in order to promote the desired friendship. He had a large measure of success. Since then the two countries have passed through several periods of friendship and several periods of something like enmity, but little by little they have been reaching an increasingly better understanding. Since the foundation of the Third Republic many causes of friction have been removed, and many important common interests have been uncovered. Although the French policy of colonial expansion caused trouble for a while, the two countries managed to clear up ten years ago all their outstanding differences. They reached such a complete understanding that they had no reason left to irritate, to suspect and to fear each other. The policy and disposition of each country have been thoroughly accommodated to those of its neighbor. Together they form at least the beginning of a community.

If all this is true it is important. Pacifists have been opposed to nationalism because they believed that the peace of the world could be achieved only by cosmopolitan feeling and an authoritative international organization. But nationalism cannot be abolished. The experience of the past year has established above everything else the peculiar authority of national allegiance. The national bond has proved to be infinitely stronger than that of church, class, economic interest or cosmopolitan feeling. The nation looms up as the primary, the indispensable socializing agency. Those who desire the economic liberation of the masses and the abolition of war must seek their ends not by an anti-nationalism but by an improved nationalism. Nations themselves must be committed to those social and pacific purposes which so many reformers have hoped to realize more quickly by some kind of international mechanism. A patriotism which cannot be eradicated must be transfigured.

The friendship between France and England encourages the hope that peace among nations can be secured without any sacrifice of patriotism. The two countries have attained something like friendship, not by impairing national allegiance but by its very fulfillment. They are capable of friendship precisely because their nationality is mature, and as nations attain to maturity they become incipient friends. Younger nations such as Russia, Germany or Italy are scarcely capable of the same kind of confidential and accommodating disposition towards their neighbors, because they have not yet found their places in a concert of Europe or of the world. They have not reached a corresponding plane of mutual adjustment. Of course they cooperate; but when they cooperate they do so as allies rather than as friends. It requires a contract to establish and define their joint action. The Franco-English partnership means all the more because it has never been put into writing. The adjustment implies a substantial measure of mutual toleration, respect and dependence. After having come to need each other without knowing it, they now know how much they need each other.

The sceptic will object that the friendship between France and England is merely the temporary and artificial result of their necessary resistance to German aggression. But this is not true. The very convenience of their present association is one of its great dangers. The exigencies of their common hostility to Germany may eventually do more to divide than to unite them. In case of a difference of opinion between Russia and England, France might be obliged as a matter of military necessity to prefer her Russian alliance to her friendship with England. German aggression has brought the friendship between the two countries to a head, but only because abundant preparation had already been made. Moreover, nothing will in the long run be more likely to imperil the continuation of their partnership than the continued enmity of Germany. Such an essentially genial and human relationship cannot thrive in an atmosphere of suspicion, recrimination and warfare. When, if ever, German enmity is removed, their friendship will become more rather than less secure. They have formed a natural community which needs for its own fulfillment the amity rather than the hostility of their neighbors. Hence it is that their community promises to grow, and by its growth to promise much for international stability and peace.

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Bulgaria, Key of the Near East

RARELY has fortune played fast and loose with any people as it has with the Bulgars in the years that lie between the outbreak of the first Balkan war and the present hour in the general European conflict. In the opening months of 1913 a Bulgar army stood before the Chatalja lines, another invested Adrianople, a third had passed the Rhodopians to reach the lower Struma Valley and occupy Seres and Kavala, a fourth held Istip, and the valley of the Bregalnitza was the frontier between Servian and Bulgarian in Macedonia.

Yet a few months later all the hard-earned profits of the first Balkan war had been lost. At the Bregalnitza the Serb had overwhelmed the Bulgar and sent the mass of the armies of Ferdinand across the Bulgarian frontier. To the south a Greek army had prevailed at Kilkis, cleared the lower Struma Valley, occupied Kavala. To the east the Turk had reoccupied Adrianople, while to the north the Rumanian hosts were approaching Sofia and Plevna.

By the Peace of Bucharest Bulgaria surrendered to Servia all of northern Macedonia save the little circle about Strumnitza; Monastir, Ochrida, Istib fell to the conquerors. To Greece she relinquished Kavala and her claim upon Salonica. To Rumania she yielded the lower corner of the Dobrudja, held since her liberation, one of the richest regions of the kingdom, peopled by many Bulgars and almost no Rumanians. To Turkey she ceded Adrianople, Kirk Kilisse, the towns she had captured, the ground she had watered with the best of her blood. Overwhelmed by numbers, Bulgaria sullenly laid down her arms but not her hopes. France after 1871 was not more determined to repossess herself of her lost provinces than were the Bulgars. But to the latter the chance seems to be coming in two years instead of in forty-four. For at the present moment it seems patent that Bulgaria can make her own terms with those who have despoiled her.

As it stands now, the Rumanians are eager to take up arms to redeem some 3,000,000 Rumanians dwelling in Transylvania and Bukovina. But for Rumania to send her army into the Carpathians and beyond them while Bulgaria, mobilized and unforgiving, watches the southern bank of the Danube, is too dangerous to be considered. A disaster to the Rumanian invaders Turkey all meet, west of Kustendil. North of

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Rumanian statesmen, Russian and French and British statesmen, have been hard at work seeking to placate Bulgaria.

To all their suggestions Bulgaria has answered simply that she desires the retrocession of her lost provinces and her stolen children. Let Rumania, as a prelude and a fitting prelude to liberating Rumanians, free Bulgarians; such is the Bulgar demand. Some 3,500 square miles and 300,000 souls Bulgaria asks from Rumania; this is her response. Now and again the cable suggests her request has been granted. It was officially announced once from Petrograd that the cession had been agreed to, but the proof is still lacking.

Greece, too, has been eager to join her Servian ally, to whom she is joined by a treaty which also binds Rumania to uphold the terms of the Peace of Bucharest. For Greece an Austrian victory over Servia would insure the loss of Salonica, of the Chalcidice, of Kavala. It would mean that Austria would come down to the Aegean and become the dominant power in the waters between Asia Minor and the African shore. But to avert the peril she can do nothing, since the Bulgarians await her first misstep to repass the Rhodopians and approach Salonica. Like Rumania, she is immobilized by Bulgaria, and Servian disaster, which is her own disaster, threatens to destroy all that she has recently achieved in restoring the Hellenic world.

From Greece Bulgaria asks the retrocession of the region between the Struma and the Mesta, assigned to her by the preliminary agreements which were destroyed in the second Balkan war. Kavala is the natural port of Sofia, the only good harbor between the Struma and the Maritza. Its people are Greek, but the hinterland is Bulgar and Turk. Without it Bulgaria has no good harbor on the Aegean; with it, she has a future rival to Salonica. Venizelos agreed that Bulgaria should have this in 1913. Now, until Greece re-cedes it, she must day and night await the coming of the Bulgar.

Between Serb and Bulgar the outstanding difference is Macedonia. Before the first Balkan war Servia and Bulgaria drew a line across the Turkish territory of Macedonia from Ochrida to the point where Servia, Bulgaria and European

nand; Monastir, Istib, Prilip and Veles were included in the Bulgarian sphere. But when Austria forbade the Serb to take northern Albania and win a window on the sea at Durazzo, Servia renounced the bargain, claimed and took all of Macedonia, the valley of the Vardar to Guevgehli, and Bulgaria was compelled to accept this loss at Bucharest.

Of all the losses, that felt most keenly by Bulgaria was the Macedonian. For years her teachers had prepared the way for her soldiers. The *comitajis* had patrolled, the Bulgarian patriots had organized Macedonia from the Lake of Ochrida to the Rhodopians. The people spoke her dialect. At the Treaty of San Stefano this region had been assigned to the Bulgar, and in Bulgarian hearts the frontiers of that rescinded treaty are a living fact. From Servia, therefore, Bulgaria asks that the old bargain be fulfilled. Until Monastir and Istib are returned, Bulgaria will have none of Servian appeals for sympathy or aid.

Were the Austro-German alliance to get the upper hand, to disclose any promise of victory, Bulgarian troops would be in Servia without delay, would come south into the New Greece to seize the lands that for some months in 1913 they held and mean to have again. Only Austrian failure has restrained Bulgarian action; this and the knowledge that she would again have to face the attack of Rumania, eventually of Russia, still feared, although all affection, all trust, have vanished.

But the guns of the Allied fleet at the Dardanelles have changed the situation for Bulgaria, as for all the nations in the Near East. The approach of the day when the Turk will retire from Europe opens a new horizon for Ferdinand and his people. In 1912 and 1913 they conquered Thrace to the Chatalja. The Bulgarian frontier laid down at London ran from Enos on the Aegean to Midia on the Black Sea. It included Adrianople, retaken for the Turk by Enver Pasha, when the last regiment of the Bulgar garrison had been hurried west to meet the victorious Serb and Greek on the Bregalinitz and the Struma.

To-day the whole situation is reversed. When Constantinople falls, the Turks north of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles will be cut off from supplies and reinforcements. Conceivably all troops will be withdrawn to avoid such a catastrophe. Then Bulgaria, in her turn, can send an army to seize an undefended Adrianople, can resume the Enos-Midia frontier, or even claim all European Turkey save the Constantinople and proval it would be an empty and evanescent triumph, might satisfy Bulgarian ambition, if to it Rumania added the Silistria strip and Servia the Istib district.

In any event the possession of the Straits by the Allies would give them a commanding position in their dealings with Bulgaria; it would give them also the resources with which to purchase her neutrality, if not her friendship. Without firing a shot, Ferdinand might regain three-quarters of his lost territory and perhaps all of his lost glory.

Such is the situation of Bulgaria to-day. Such are her demands. Until some of them are granted, she holds two of her recent conquerors immobilized and constitutes a deadly peril to the third if the fortunes of war turn against its allies. Until the hour when the warships of the sea powers lie off the Golden Horn, she holds the key of the Near East; even then she must be reckoned with, must be placated. The fact that most of her claims are just does not make her position less commanding or less assured of a hearing.

But Bulgaria satisfied, Constantinople taken, it is plain that a new situation will arise. Then the reconstitution of the Balkan Alliance may be possible. Bulgarian, Rumanian, Serb and Greek, nearly 25,000,000 of people may unite to defend the Balkan peninsula, alike against Austrian and Russian. With such an alliance the Eastern question, if it does not disappear, passes into a new and less dangerous phase. Austro-German ambition will be halted at the Danube and the Save, Servian, Greek and Rumanian armies may presently be seen in Hungary and Bosnia. And if this happens, who can believe that Italy can longer wait to enter the war, since only those who fight can hope for reward.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

As to Prejudice

SITTING after dinner the other evening, we found our conversation turning on race prejudice. My companion, one of those American women who puzzle their English sisters by combining with undeniable attractiveness a confident intelligence, had confessed to prejudices which she defied anyone to change. We took them, by ourselves, to the fireside.

"You really believe that races are dyed in the wool," I recriminated, "you believe that the French are a 'gay and volatile people' and all the

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a Russian you'll find a Tartar? It is Ohio speaking."

"Don't be an idiot," she responded politely. "You don't mean to say you disagree with 'English Traits'? You don't pretend Shaw isn't Irish or Tolstoy Russian?"

"Let's agree before we disagree," I pleaded. "I admit that you bear the everlasting imprint of Ohio. As I see it, environment has a great effect on character, but I'm probably more skeptical than you about heredity. All this talk about national psychology—it is sound so long as it refers to given men in a given time and place, but national psychology is just the opposite of love in the sonnets—it 'alters when it alteration finds.' Emerson's 'English Traits' is remarkably sensitive so far as its observation goes, but its analysis is fanciful. After all, Emerson was a hero worshiper. He tries to persuade you that the Englishman has gone through experience like asbestos through fire. It's a convenient illusion for Englishmen, but it is really rubbish."

She examined me with inflexible eyes. "Isn't it a little easy," she suggested, "to pick national sentiment to pieces? You pick the nation asunder, to show it has no soul. It's rather like tearing a flower to prove it has no perfume. Of course I can't prove that a nation has a soul, but I feel it. If you don't feel it, you don't, but millions of people do. The other thing is the 'intellectual' pose."

"Look here," I said seriously, "you accuse me of pose and I accuse you of illusion. It amounts to about the same thing. I know that millions of people are heartfelt patriots, but the question I ask is, is it well to be righteously patriotic? You think it is, and I think it isn't."

Her eyes mellowed a little. "You really mean, if human beings would only be sensible, all the troubles made by patriotism could be removed? You think it causes stupid misunderstanding?"

"Exactly."

Gazing toward her comforting wood fire, she turned in her chair.

"I used to think," she said slowly, "that I was absolutely broadminded, that I hadn't a single prejudice about any nationality under the sun. When you're young you think you ought to take cold baths, whether they agree with you or not, and then one day you wake up and admit to yourself you always loathed them, and you stop fooling yourself. I've discovered I'm like that about people. Deep down in my bones I have lots of prejudices and it's simply no use trying to go against them. You may desire with all your heart you close your eyes to the actual dangers me. I was born with them, just as I was born with grey eyes. I can't change my eyes just by closing them, can I?"

"Heaven forbid," I conceded. "And if you mean that a person's will must be consulted before you reason with him, I agree. All I assert is that patriotism is blind wilfulness, and I hate it for being blind."

"But that's so mugwumpish. The mugwump always believes that he's broadminded, but he isn't really. He's simply weakminded."

A smile accompanied the accusation, and I tried to answer both. "What in heaven is a mugwump? I suppose he's the timid old lady who hopes to fool fortune by backing every horse in the race. He never admits to himself or to anyone else that if you have a real preference in life, you must back that preference and be ready to fight for it. I agree with you that the first thing is to acknowledge your real preferences, and the next thing is to stand pat. But what I deplore is the blind standpatter. He isn't really adhering to his own convictions. In most cases he's blindly adhering to convictions and prejudices he's inherited. I know that if you go by your critical intelligence alone, you'll never fight for anything, because you'll never find anything perfect enough to fight for. You can only fight for the thing you have most faith in, but with me it happens that my own race isn't the thing I have most faith in, unless it's interfered with. You blindly accept your own race, with odious consequences, and I don't."

"But what do you mean? Is there a single race in the world with less odious prejudice than the American?"

"But you've admitted prejudice. And America is full of race prejudice. The South is prejudiced against the negro. The West is prejudiced against the Indian. Texas is prejudiced against the greaser. California is prejudiced against the Jap. New York is prejudiced against the Jew. New England is prejudiced against the Catholic Irish, and all the industrial cities are prejudiced against the dagoes and the hunkies and the guineas and the wops. And German-Americans—they're beginning to be regarded with the darkest suspicion. It's all a form of patriotism, I suppose, but it belongs to the era when every man believed that the only way he could possibly survive was to survive at someone else's expense. It's directly contrary to the whole democratic intention of living and letting live."

She debated a moment. "It's beautiful and poetic, 'live and let live,' but it sounds odd this year.

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not many. A man like Mr. Bryan may be different. He is ready to love everybody. The only trouble is, I'm not ready to love him."

"And you rather pride yourself on it, don't you? He's an outsider, and what snobbish English people call a 'commoner.' Personally, I want to understand him. But then I don't trust my antipathies the way you do. I suspect my watchdog."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it's as natural for us to imagine hateful characteristics in an outsider as it is for a dog to bark at strangers, but it's equally unreasonable. Sometimes the dog is right, of course. The stranger is Erastus and he's a chicken fancier, but usually it's just a fool dog trick. I'm sure you resent the brisk, bright American's habit of sneering at every strange object he sees in Europe. I certainly resent the way the haw-haw Englishman patronizes America when he visits it. Because, mind you, it's not critical intelligence working in him. It's the brute conservatism of the watchdog, an animal reaction to novelty."

"But you can't help admiring it. I can't stand Englishmen, but they prove just what we're talking about, the existence of racial characteristics. They're built for power."

"I don't think it's racial. Psychologically, I don't think there's much to choose between an Englishman and a German. A German is simply a parvenu Englishman. In agricultural countries like Russia and parts of France and Poland and Ireland and the Southern states here, you get one sort of psychology. In Prussia and the north of England and the north of Ireland and even industrial Poland, you get a different psychology. In agricultural countries you get religion and sentiment and romance and archaic virtues, and in industrial countries you get a hard competitiveness, will-power, compromise and a Manchester School of philosophy. It's the environment of industrialism, of 'cause and effect,' of unsentimental workmanship, that has made the Prussian go one better than the corresponding English materialist. The English materialist let a million people die of famine in Ireland out of inhuman allegiance to 'cause and effect.' The Prussian has simply a more positive allegiance, not a different psychology. He has the thick skin, the lack of imaginativeness, the self-preference of the Englishman, only he has it in a greater degree because he's a parvenu. But he illustrates to a nicety what Oppenheimer said, 'There is no racial psychology. There is only a psychology of stages of development.' If the English could be subjected, the Germans would soon invent for them the same sort of subject psychology that the English have invented for the the Jew, and the Imperialist for the aborigine everywhere."

"But there's something in it! Did you ever see an Irish maid that was like an English maid? I have an Irish cook who hasn't the remotest idea where a single thing is to be found in the kitchen. She's a splendid cook and she's a dear old thing, but she's got a mind like a rag-bag. My English maid utterly despises her. Now, how can you deny racial differences like that?"

"I don't deny them, but I say they're produced mainly by environment and by handicap. Your Irish cook's grandchildren will probably be cold-eyed, flinty, orderly-minded capitalists like Thomas F. Ryan. Once they get away from the clan into the American context they change. The English don't so soon, because the psychology of the confident is harder to influence than the psychology of the unconfident. But both do eventually change. It's when you see that that you lose your fine confidence and stop putting obstacles in the way of race sympathy."

We waited long enough to light a final cigarette. "I suppose it's narrow," she said, "but nothing you've said can make me like Jewy Jews, for example."

"I suppose historic weltings have thickened their hides a bit, and as a class they have acquired rather intolerable offensive characteristics. But isn't it the Christians who began it? If the Jew is pushing and insensitive and greedily 'on the make,' isn't it reprisal? It's class prejudice, at bottom, that says the Jew 'doesn't know his place.' There's no such thing, actually, as Jew psychology. There's only the psychology of a certain class with characteristic noses who've learned self-assertion through persecution."

"But that begs the whole question. I don't think the giraffe has a long neck because he nibbles trees. I think he nibbles trees because he has a long neck."

"I see. It comes down, in the end, to a matter of faith, and faith can't be wished on you. I'm happier indulging the illusion that, granted the human spirit and the human imagination, there is a possibility of accommodating all sorts of differences. You prefer to emphasize the differences. Tell me, how long have you believed in woman suffrage?"

"About three years, I think."

"And before then?"

"I don't know. I was really rather against it."

"What converted you?"

"Nothing specific that I can remember. I became interested, and I lost my prejudices."

"I say no more. The rest is with the Lord."

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The Relation of War to Investments

THE ability of the countries of Europe to endure the strain of war depends largely upon the extent to which they can obtain supplies and munitions from abroad. There is no doubt that Germany and Austria feel themselves very seriously hampered by the British command of the seas, which in great measure prevents the import of any goods proclaimed as contraband. Russia is to some extent embarrassed by a similar difficulty, in that the only ports through which she can bring in goods are Vladivostock and Archangel, the latter now closed by ice. She can, however, import goods across the land frontier from Sweden. On the other hand, France and Great Britain can import without restriction any goods which they can get, and the extent to which they have availed themselves of this advantage is enormous. It is said that the cost of war materials ordered by the allied countries from the United States alone is already over $500,000,000. Without the aid of supplies from America there is no doubt that Lord Kitchener's scheme for creating and equipping a new army on a European scale would have proved a ludicrous failure.

It is a striking fact that the present war involves the three largest lending countries in the world—Great Britain, France and Germany—and one of the largest borrowing countries, Russia. Great Britain has by far the largest investments, the aggregate amount being little short of $20,000,000,000, bringing in normally about $950,000,000 of income. The capital is invested in every part of the world, the great bulk being in Canada, the United States, Argentina and Brazil, India, Australia and South Africa. North and South America alone account for over half the total. The amount invested on the continent of Europe was at one time large, but for a good many years past few new investments have been made there, and there has been a tendency to sell earlier holdings. Nevertheless there has been a conspicuous increase during the past four or five years in the number of Russian capital issues on the London market.

French foreign investments may be reckoned at $9,000,000,000, bringing in an income of about $450,000,000. A large part of this capital has been placed in Russia, and most of the remainder is in other parts of Europe—in Italy, Austria, Turkey, the Balkans, and even in Germany. The predominant characteristic of the French investor is his liking for government, provincial, and municipal securities. The French have made considerable investments in Mexico, but their holdings in other parts of America are small, though they have grown considerably of recent years.

The position of Germany as an investing country is in some respects intermediate between that of France and that of Great Britain. The amount of her capital abroad is indeed smaller than that of either of the two latter countries, and may be put at $5,000,000,000 to $6,000,000,000, bringing in an income of $250,000,000 to $300,000,000. But, like France, she has large investments in Russia, and like Great Britain she has important holdings in North and South America. Her capital has flowed largely into Austria. Her investors hold, or held, considerable lines of railway stocks, such as Canadian Pacific and Union Pacific. On the whole, German investors have been fairly adventurous. They have not sacrificed everything to safety, and have pursued a forward policy in the Near East, as well as in China, while they are also interested in South African mines.

The position of Russia has already been indicated. Expenditure on past wars has left her with an enormous national debt for which she has normally to make remittances to Berlin and Paris. Russia has vast natural resources, for the development of which great masses of foreign capital have been attracted; and her railways, manufacturing, and mining enterprises have grown apace during the past decade. The interest on this capital has also in the normal course to be remitted to its foreign owners.

A comparison of the foreign investments of France and Germany with those of Great Britain indicates that the two former countries do not derive anything like the assistance from them which the latter derives. This is not merely because the amount of capital invested abroad by France, and particularly by Germany, is smaller than that invested by Great Britain; but also because France and Germany have placed so large a proportion in the war zone. Germany is perhaps more affected than France by the withholding of interest on capital invested in belligerent countries. She does not obtain any returns whatever on the large amount invested in Russia, nor on her capital invested in Canada and other parts of the British Empire. The productivity of much of her capital in Austria-Hungary and Turkey, as well as in neutral countries of Europe, is bound to suffer, while it is prob-

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most useful investments are her holdings of American stocks, part of which she has sold in New York and used in payment for supplies. Stocks, however, can only be sold at a great loss at present prices, and liquidation must be regarded to some extent as a measure of the strain which is being imposed upon Germany.

The position of France, from the point of view of her foreign investments, though a little more satisfactory than that of Germany cannot be described as comfortable. There is a good deal of French capital in Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Turkey, and French investors naturally do not receive their interest on this while the war lasts. This is a feature of strength to France's enemies. French investors will of course continue to receive interest on their large holdings of Russian government and other Russian bonds, but it is probable that Russia will have to borrow the money for the purpose. The closing of the Dardanelles has made it impossible for Russia to export her surplus wheat from the Black Sea ports, and as the Russian government has placed abroad large orders for war material, the foreign exchanges have moved more and more against her. The position has recently been considered at a meeting in Paris of the Finance Ministers of France, Russia, and Great Britain, and measures were discussed for setting the exchanges right. The only way to do this is to lend Russia money until her export trade is again freed. Already last autumn Russia found it necessary to borrow $60,000,000 from the Bank of England, and an issue of $50,000,000 of Russian Treasury bills has just taken place in London. It is now definitely stated that Russia is to borrow $250,000,000 in equal amounts on the London and Paris markets. The report of a recent advance of $25,000,000 to Russia by American financiers suggests that possibly further sums might be raised in New York, especially as the maintenance of the export trade to Russia is bound to depend closely upon the amount which that country can borrow.

Very much stronger is the position of Great Britain. Possessing but little capital invested in Europe, and a great quantity spread over the rest of the world, her income from securities is comparatively little affected by the war, and she can call in her loans or sell her holdings whenever this can conveniently be done. There is no doubt that a great amount of capital has been withdrawn from some quarters—notably from America. Even before the war began, bankers and others called in much money lent abroad at call on short notice, and the demand for bills on London was seven dollars had to be paid in New York for £1 in London. From many countries it was for a time impossible to remit money. The "run" on foreign borrowers was so intense that moratoria had to be introduced far and wide. The difficulty, however, was largely temporary, and when it was realized that the British Navy had established its command of the seas, confidence gradually revived. The American exchange slowly righted itself under the influence of large shipments of gold to Ottawa on account of the Bank of England. When, later, extensive orders were placed for war stores and equipment, the exchange actually moved against London despite withdrawals of maturing obligations. This is remarkable in view of the fact that the Secretary of the United States Treasury estimated the amount falling due to Great Britain between the beginning of the war and the first of January last at $450,000,000. Probably, however, part of these maturing obligations were renewed. There appears to have been little actual selling of securities on British account. This can be readily understood in view of the fact that the Stock Exchanges were for a long time closed and prices were abnormally low, while on the other hand maturing obligations are being paid in full.

When it is said that Great Britain has withdrawn a large amount of capital from the United States, it must not be supposed that the total sum lent abroad by British investors has been reduced. An analysis of the trade balance during the past six months indicates that this is not the case. The excess of imports is indeed $768,000,000, compared with only $367,000,000 a year ago. But on the lines of an estimate made by the writer the freight earnings of British ships may be reckoned at some $225,000,000, and the amount of interest on foreign investments at $425,000,000—allowing $50,000,000 for defaults and reductions due to the war. After deducting these sums from the excess of imports, only $118,000,000 remains. This would roughly cover the other items in the international balance sheet, such as commission and insurance charges, remittances to American tourists and to their families by Indian civilians, London expenses of companies operating abroad, and certain expenses of the Indian government. Thus it appears that on balance Great Britain has not considerably reduced the amount of her property abroad.

What then is the explanation of the withdrawals which have undoubtedly occurred? The answer is that Great Britain has been lending money abroad for war purposes. Since the beginning of

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Russia, $110,000,000, Belgium and France, $50,000,000 each, Rumania, $25,000,000, and Servia, $4,000,000, the total being $414,000,000. No doubt the whole of this amount has not yet been expended. But at the same time it has been necessary to meet calls on loans issued before the war, while a small amount of capital for the colonies and abroad—not more than $20,000,000—has been issued since the war began. It is these issues which the British Treasury recently took action to control. It laid down that issues in London of new loans for undertakings carried on or to be carried on outside the British Empire are to be prohibited altogether. Issues for undertakings in the Colonies are only to be allowed where it can be shown that "urgent necessity and special circumstances" exist; and issues for undertakings in the United Kingdom are only to be allowed where the Treasury considers it "advisable in the national interest." This action has no legal sanction, but is enforced by the fact that the Treasury now has the power to prohibit dealing on the Stock Exchange. In view of the fact that practically no capital has been issued for foreign or Colonial undertakings since the war began, the Treasury action, so far as such issues are concerned, amounts merely to locking a door which has already been shut—a wise precaution, no doubt, but one whose immediate importance can easily be exaggerated. Moreover, it would not preclude bankers and others from lending money abroad through other channels, were they disposed to do so.

C. K. Hobson.

Eroto-Priggery

WHENSOEVER one urges upon the English Liberal or Socialist party that women have aspirations which will not be satisfied by the establishment of municipal milk depots for babies, one is met with the rebuke that Ellen Key says that this is the century of the child. And when one expostulates that this idea that the interests of the woman are equal and identical with that of the child is extremely reactionary, one is assured that Ellen Key cannot possibly be reactionary because she affirms the right to motherhood. And when one objects that women derive this right from Eve rather than from Ellen Key, one is told with unction that Ellen Key has helped nature to triumph over custom by inspiring unmarried women to have children. And when one asks why she encourages this lonely enterprise the conversation drops. It drops so invariably and completely that one comes to the conclusion that Ellen Key is one of those Great Figures, like Hegel and Lord Bryce, who have covered the globe with a respectful sense of their existence by a vast and diffused unreadability. And if one sets one's self to read those of her works which have been made accessible by the enterprise of Messrs. Putnam, that conclusion is intensified to the point of agony.

The really remarkable feature about Ellen Key's works lies in the fact that they mark the first appearance of the Victorian aunt as a philosopher. Every aunt-like quality flowers so luxuriantly in these books that one is prepared to swear that she crosses her manuscripts as other aunts now and then they tangle into an elaborate pattern of contradictory parentheses as though she were trying a new crochet stitch; and she shows an unerring, unhesitating inaccuracy about matters of fact. When one reads the paragraph beginning, "Ontogeny is really a new science in our century, introduced by von Leeuwenhock, de Graaf, and others. It was founded in 1827 by von Baer," and remembers that ontogeny is not a science but a term introduced into embryology by Haeckel to denote the development of the individual organism, and that von Leeuwenhock and de Graaf worked in the late seventeenth century, and when one finds in the next sentence that she is really thinking about eugenics and biometrics, one has grasped the peculiar manner of her intellectual processes. She appears to have acquired her knowledge of economics from "Mangnall's Questions," and there is hardly a fallacy connected with the subject, from the idea that wages are determined solely by supply and demand to the dangerous fancy that one need only prohibit the home work of women and children to re-establish a happy home life, which is not to be found floating somewhere in this vast, dark marsh of thinking. Her style keeps for the most part on a level of glowing baldness that recalls the language of house-agents. "The young people of the lower classes when they use love's freedom form many excellent connubial unions." To let furnished, an excellent connubial union.

If, remembering that Ellen Key has declared herself to Europe as a great good woman-soul

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ity and looks up at the idealism which rises from it, one finds it entirely worthy of its intellectual basis. A suspicion that she is one of those pure but unfortunate souls to whom God reveals himself in the form of platitudes becomes a certainty when we come on the charter of the new sexual morality that is embedded in "Love and Marriage." Here we learn that regenerated society is to regard five manifestations of sexual life as immoral. The first of these is "all parentage without love." Humanity will not be surprised to learn that it is as well for a man and a woman to be in love before they have a child. The second is "all irresponsible parentage." Has society needed to be told by Ellen Key that irresponsible parentage is a crime? We need only think of the numerous social organizations which exist solely to keep a check on parents who show signs of irresponsibility. Next comes "all parentage of immature or degenerate persons." The immature do not become parents unless the capitalist system has exposed them to those bad housing conditions which force instincts into untimely growth; the ascertainably degenerate are already prevented from parentage by segregation. Then comes "all voluntary sterility of married people fitted for the mission of the race," which has already been denounced with sufficient vigor by the Christianity which Ellen Key has abandoned because she fears that Christ, with his unaccountable silence on the subject of ontogeny, could not have grasped the "monistic-evolutionary theory of life." The charter winds up with "all such manifestations of the sexual life as involve violence and seduction, and entail unwillingness or incapacity to fulfill the mission of the race." The first clause of this has been actively anticipated by the law, and the second is so vague that it is meaningless.

Decidedly it cannot be by these truisms, which have been the common coin of the mind of man since the beginning of civilization, that Ellen Key has won her place in the heart of the nations; there must be some new and attractive doctrine sheltering somewhere among the platitudes. Careful investigation soon lays its hands on it. But the difficulty is that it is so little a thing of reason and so much a mere pose of the personality that at first one cannot define it. Not till one comes upon Ellen Key's definition of "eroto-plastics: the doctrine of love as a consciously formative art, instead of a blind instinct of procreation," does one realize that what she has given the world is eroto-priggery.

No longer are love and grace and charm to be the unforced, unconscious flowerings of the soul. propagate the species," is to march towards them from her cradle with an almost Prussian thoroughness and determination. At an early age she is to learn to withhold herself from all intellectual passion, lest she should fail to be "a beautiful, easily comprehended piece of nature," in which "a man may wash himself as in a cool wave, find peace as in a silent forest." She must, however, keep up her "universal human culture," for "the peasant's love, which knows nothing of caresses, comes lower in the scale of happiness than that of the cultivated person, who finds in love all the refined delights of the senses." One can imagine the resolute young woman keeping herself fit by playing a little Mendelssohn every morning; one thinks it would be Mendelssohn. Meanwhile society is to help her towards this "enhancement of her life-values" by pulling itself to pieces with a panting urgency. "The chances of marriage might be increased by a shortening of the university course," says Ellen Key, and one is inclined to applaud her silence on the subject of the resulting diminution in efficiency of teachers and doctors when one perceives how fervently she believes that a woman's personality is as dust by the roadside if she misses love. "Of what avail for women to speak at ethical congresses," she asks, "if they are unable to save even one man from the misery of being a mere fragment, if they are unable to bring harmonious unity into his life?" But if she does succeed in decorating the male existence with abstract nouns, how great is her glory! She enhances everybody's life-values all round, she behaves with "an increasingly soulful sensuousness or an increasingly sensuous soulfulness" that somehow gives evolution a lift, and there is a general sense that in some way or other she has got the better of poor, dear, obsolete, unscientific Christianity.

This is the flower of eroto-priggery; but there is yet the fruit, which is motherhood. One does not become a mother by having a child, as one might have supposed. One gets an inkling of the difficulties of the enterprise when one reads that "there is a gulf, deep as the center of the earth, fixed between the unmarried woman who presents a child to the race and the unmarried woman who 'has a child.'" It is like being elected to a very exclusive club with an ethical basis. To become a mother with any style one must subscribe to the "maternal theory: that a woman's life is lived most intensively and most extensively, most individually and most socially, she is for her own part most free, and for others most fruitful, most egoistic and most altruistic, most receptive and

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of the conscious desire by means of this function to uplift the life of the race as well as her own life." When we realize that this foam of words has been anticipated by every mother who has gladly borne a child and has hoped that it will be finer than the one next door, we see what a genius Ellen Key has for the truism.

The life of the new mother is to be strenuous from a material point of view. She is to have a large family; we are given to understand that the mother of four children is a mere dilettante. She is to be the nursemaid of all of them, and at the same time, since schools are alleged to be the home of "soul-murder," she is to educate them. But an infinite reward awaits her. Her motherhood is to be to her a perpetual spiritual picnic, a warm bath of voluptuousness, an endless opportunity for enjoyable lachrymosity. "The mother should feel the same reverence for the unknown worlds in the wide-open eyes of her child that she has for the worlds which like white blossoms are sprinkled over the blue orb of heaven." This statement, interesting as it is as a proof of how Jean Paul Richter has corrupted the Germanic style, is vitiated by the fact that we do not revere the stars. We do not go out into the back garden to revere Jupiter, but to look on its white fire. Similarly we do not revere a child but love it for the white fire of its youth. When "the new mother stands with deep veneration before the mystic depths she calls her child, a being in whom the whole life of mankind is garnered," we may reasonably infer that the child wonders what on earth mother is up to, and probably wishes it had a mother—even one who kept a nurse and let it go to the kindergarten to meet the other little boys—who would think of it as something less reverent and more intimate than mystic depths; who wasn't, in fact, making spiritual capital out of it.

For eroto-priggery is merely a sanctification of self-consciousness, an invitation that the heart should give hospitality to a quality usually considered disagreeable in the drawing-room, which keeps one's powers concentrated on the task of observing and approving oneself. One can measure the folly of the doctrine by the words of Santa Teresa, who is still the greatest feminist writer the world has yet produced: in true mysticism "the faculties work without effort and without consciousness, the heart loves and does not know that it loves, the mind perceives yet does not know that it perceives. If the butterfly pauses to say to itself how prettily it is flying, the shining wings fall off, and it drops and dies. The life of the spirit is not our life, but the life of God within us."

A Late Victorian in Ohio

IF one were disposed to quarrel with Mrs. Wharton because of her choice of the tenuous fringe of the American scene for portraiture in her larger canvases, Mrs. Watts, in her four robust volumes, would offer ample evidence that the less brilliant corners of the field are not being neglected by our recent novelists. Mrs. Watts has planted herself squarely on Ohio; she takes measure of the universe from the vantage point of Ohio, and not the other way about as so often has happened in our literary history. And it is her calm assurance that Cincinnati or Columbus is as good a place as any, not merely to start from but to return to after a discursive sweep of the world outside, that specially rouses my admiration for this novelist. To treat New York—Paris and Boston also—casually, as if it were no more than a province of the real world which revolves about Ohio, is a triumph not of humor but of insight into the national life of America. We have had "localities" presented romantically, with all possible appeals to our patriotic sentimentality, but too rarely has a locality been presented in serious chronicle as a solid world of the first magnitude in itself. I hope that in this regard Mrs. Watts is the harbinger of a band of novelists who shall deal with the many scattered elements of our American scene as simply and naturally as if each were the "literary centre" of the universe.

It is Ohio, without doubt, that Mrs. Watts presents, and consequently it is a genuine America, substantiated by a meritorious wealth of accurate, circumstantial, if sometimes not wholly revealing detail. There is too much detail; minuteness does not necessarily produce a sense of reality, which is a truth that writers are slow to learn. The artist is known by his suppressions quite as much as by his command of matter. There is never any question with Mrs. Watts that she has the matter, but there often is question of the significance of what she offers to set forth her histories. She will leave nothing to her readers. This repetitious and irrelevant habit is most obvious in "Nathan Burke" and mercifully decreases as she gathers experience in each succeeding volume, being least evident in the last, "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," which I have no doubt is her best work thus far. In this convincing story of the girl from the slum, Mrs. Watts has got farthest away from her master, Thackeray, has discarded the conscious pose of didactic historian that she had caught from the great Victorian, together with his complex narrative method, and has struck out sturdily for her own manner. A master even

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has matter of his own, as has Mrs. Watts. Obviously it is the mannerism of the master that is most easily caught, and it is the Thackeray mannerism that Mrs. Watts has reproduced in "Nathan Burke"—the Thackeray intimacies and asides, the Thackeray assumption of worldliness, which become trying even to his devotees. Mrs. Watts apparently does not possess the Thackeray heart, the Thackeray grace and distinction, which compel even in his most devious passages. Hence the abandonment of the manner, which is already tiresome in "Nathan Burke," is a positive relief—and a great saving of words as well.

And yet had it not been for her close study of "Henry Esmond" Mrs. Watts would have come off less ably with her reminiscences of early Ohio; and it should be added in mere justice that nobody in our day has done Thackeray so well, nor, what is more creditable, has succeeded in reviving the departed generation of our grandfathers so warmly as has Mrs. Watts in her slow-moving, repetitious story of the good young Ohio American. Perhaps it is the fault of Ohio—the Ohio of the thirties and forties, with its stout promises for a future—also the fault of these early United States, that the chronicle of Nathan Burke, for all its close truth and art of presentation, remains thin and dry when compared with that richly compacted story of England under Queen Anne. It would seem unfair to make the comparison, were it not Mrs. Watts who forces it by her careful patterning, both in manner and in tone, vaguely in substance as well. It may be a healthily patriotic belief that Ohio in its teens contained as much of heroic and truly human interest as any of this world's stages, which seems to be Mrs. Watt's complacent assumption. Nevertheless "Uncle George" Marsh, Mrs. Ducey, the conventionally unfortunate Nance, the equally conventional villain, as well as the sturdy backwoods hero, Nathan himself, remain elementary rather than elemental figures, in spite of the intelligent pains that their creator has taken with them. Some may hold that the master could have given his enduring stamp to this same raw material, but remembering Mrs. Watts's competency, the wealth of her preparation, I prefer to believe in her powers and to attribute whatever futility I may find in her heavy undertaking to the nature of the material itself, to the rawness of that nebulous Victorian Ohio, rather than to its historian or her model. No chronicle of early Columbus, Ohio, can—for art, at any rate—yield an imperishable triumph. And when all is said—when all the dullness and insignificance of "Nathan Burke," and they are vast, realism. Besides the "Janice Merediths," the "To Have and to Holds" of our callow romanticism, "Nathan Burke" is a landmark, the most significant, very probably, that will be raised on this field in America during the present generation.

With the other novels, which are all concerned with a more or less contemporary Ohio, no allowances for the exigencies of the historical method need be made, yet in them Mrs. Watts is hardly more of a realist than in "Nathan Burke." She mixes much sentimental unreality, much conventionalism, with her realism. Her men are good or bad, strong or weak, and her pure young women inevitably attain, in matrimony, after appropriate delays and hazards, the good young men. To be frank, Mrs. Watts makes use of well-known emotional situations, not with an interpretative freshness but with a hearty enjoyment of their trite unreality. Her two best heroes are honest, toiling, self-made young Americans, who are both subjected to misunderstanding and evil report, but in the end safely conquer fame and fortune, and after the usual mistakes, aided by convenient deaths, marry the women of their best choice, who were destined for them from the beginning. Mrs. Watts, I have no doubt, would complacently describe her moral world as wholesome; it has the easy simplicity and optimism that make the American provincial wherever he may arise. And this gives the disappointing note of Victorianism to so much that otherwise is admissible. Intellectually and spiritually Mrs. Watts has not transcended the world of her master.

These men and women in their simple categories of good and bad are as real as most of the novel and stage characterization of our literature, which is saying that they are real enough to be recognized but not real enough to live with. Americans, in Ohio and out, are not as simple, as thin, as metallic, as Mrs. Watts has made her people, and their fates do not fall in the expected patterns which for the most part she employs. One noble exception should be noted, that of the one entirely revealed and therefore entirely fresh character that Mrs. Watts has conceived and rendered—Jennie Cushing. Here she has happily taken a new mold and treated it with free imagination. The slum child brought up in a reform school, evolving a consistent individuality which leads her to reject conventions and create her own morality, is a person to ponder on, not only because of her novelty in our conventionalized and sentimentalized literature, but also because of the scrupulous truth with which her creator has dealt with her, ignoring those cheap contrivances of the

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this contrast more poignant, there may be observed in the same story the customary facile commonplace of Mrs. Watts's creation in the person of the artist lover, Donnie Meigs. The rich, sophisticated Ohioans of European travel and English butlers and sons-in-law, with whom this painter hero of the tale belongs, come off more tritely, as a whole, from her pen than her good, self-made young men and their plain environments. "Society"—even the best that Columbus or Cincinnati can supply—is the least convincing of her notes.

It is not that Mrs. Watts has borrowed her realism at the start with her manner from a noble Victorian, not that she has overdone her realism, but that for all her efforts she has thus far failed in being enough of a realist; not that she has posed her universe on the broad ground of Ohio, which may well be as fitted for contemporary chronicle as any Athens, but that she has not turned her spade deeply enough in her native soil to get its richest fruits. Therefore she remains for me the pioneer of happy promise of that larger day to come, when a modern realist of girth and insight shall put the spade down into the sub-soil, Ohio or other of America, delving beneath the conventional, the expected, the Victorian aspect of humanity.

ROBERT HERRICK.

John Dewey's Philosophy

NOTHING is more symbolic of Professor Dewey's democratic attitude towards life than the disintegrated array of his published writings. Where the neatly uniform works of William James are to be found in every public library, you must hunt long and far for the best things of the man who, since the other's death, is the most significant thinker in America. Pamphlets and reports of obscure educational societies; school journals, university monographs and philosophical journals, limited to the pedant few; these are the burial-places of much of this intensely alive, futuristic philosophy. For the best educational essays one had to look until very recently to a little compilation made by an unknown London house. The "Educational Creed," in style and conciseness and spirit the most admirably popular of all his writings, is, I think, still lost in an out-of-print cheap bulletin in some innocuous series for elementary teachers. "School and Society," with some of the wisest words ever set to paper, frightens one away with its infantile cover and its university chaperonage. Only some heterogeneous essays, brilliant scientific method is simply a sublimely well-ordered copy of our own best and most fruitful habits of thought, have been launched in forms that would reach a wide public. No man, I think, with such universally important things to say on almost every social and intellectual activity of the day, was ever published in forms more ingeniously contrived to thwart the interest of the prospective public.

Professor Dewey's thought is inaccessible because he has always carried his simplicity of manner, his dread of show or self-advertisement, almost to the point of extravagance. In all his psychology there is no place for the psychology of prestige. His democracy seems almost to take that extreme form of refusing to bring one's self or one's ideas to the attention of others. On the college campus or in the lecture-room he seems positively to efface himself. The uncertainty of his silver-gray hair and drooping mustache, of his voice, of his clothes, suggests that he has almost studied the technique of protective coloration. It will do you no good to hear him lecture. His sentences, flowing and exact and lucid when read, you will find strung in long festoons of obscurity between pauses for the awaited right word. The whole business of impressing yourself on other people, of getting yourself over to the people who want to and ought to have you, has simply never come into his ultra-democratic mind.

This incapacity of imagining his own distinction has put him in the paradoxical situation of a revolutionist with an innate contempt for propaganda. His philosophy of "instrumentalism" has an edge on it that would slash up the habits of thought, the customs and institutions in which our society has been living for centuries. He allies himself personally with every democratic movement, yet will not preach. As we discover in the essay on Maeterlinck, where he shows himself poet as well as philosopher, his tolerant democracy loves all human values, and finds nothing so intolerable as artificial inequality. He hates nothing so much as the preacher who tells others how bad they are and what they must do to reform. Yet his philosophy is a great sermon, challenging in every line, in spite of his discreet style, our mechanical habits of thought, our mechanical habits of education, our mechanical morality. A prophet dressed in the clothes of a professor of logic, he seems almost to feel shame that he has seen the implications of democracy more clearly than anybody else in the great would-be democratic society about him, and so been forced into the unwelcome task of teaching it.

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that words always have the same meaning, and that they stand for real things, that logic is the science of thinking correctly, that reason is eternal, that if you can only get your ideas consistent you have then a true picture of what you are trying to interpret. We have taken for granted the old view, which goes back to Aristotle's logic, that our mental life was a receiving and combining and storing of certain dead inert sensations and ideas of which words were the true symbols.

Professor Dewey's fundamental thesis has been that thinking is not like this. The mind is not a looking-glass, reflecting the world for its private contemplation, nor a logic-machine for building up truth, but a tool by which we adjust ourselves to the situations in which life puts us. Reason is not a divinely appointed guide to eternal truth, but a practical instrument by which we solve problems. Words are not invariable symbols for invariable things, but clues to meanings. We think in meanings, not in words, and a meaning is simply a sign-post pointing towards our doing something or feeling something or both. The words are the handles by which we take hold of these meanings which our intercourse with people and things presents to us. Our life is a constant reaction to a world which is constantly stimulating us. We are in situations where we must do something, and it is for the purpose of guiding this doing from the point of view of what has happened or what is likely to happen, that we think. We are not bundles of thoughts and feelings so much as bundles of attitudes or tendencies. We act usually before we "perceive"; the perception is only important as it enables us to act again. We remember what we use, and we learn what we occupy ourselves with. Our minds are simply the tools with which we forge out our life.

If we are to live worthily and happily, it is not necessary that we should "be" anything or "know" anything, so much as that we should be able to meet the situation in which developing life places us, and express our capacities in our activity. Our social problem as well as our personal problem is to understand what we are doing. This is almost the whole law and the prophets. In the ideal home we should have learned as children, through social converse and the household occupations and solution of the problems which our curiosity and our work brought us, how to adjust ourselves to the demands of life. But the home can no longer effect this and the school must step in. But the school is only really educative if it is helping the child to understand the social situations in which

The ideal school would be an embryonic community life, where the child would sense the occupations and interests of the larger society into which he is to enter and so have his curiosity and practical skill awakened to meet and conquer them.

In its larger social implications, Professor Dewey's philosophy challenges the whole machinery of our world of right and wrong, law and order, property and religion, the old techniques by which society is still being managed and regulated. Our institutions have been made as scales and measures to which we bring our actions, rigid standards by whose codes we are judged, frameworks to whose lines we strive to mould ourselves. All the revolutionary strivings of the past have been away from these institutional authorities towards greater freedom. But in spite of all the freedom we have won, society was probably never more deeply unhappy than it is to-day. For freedom is not happiness; it is merely the first negative step towards happiness. Happiness is control, and society, now intensely self-conscious of its imperfections, is still very helpless towards controlling its destiny. Life, Professor Dewey says, is a modification of the present with reference to the conditions of the future, a conflict between the habits engendered in the past and the new aims and purposes, clearly envisaged, to be worked for.

It is in showing the unity of all the democratic strivings, the social movement, the new educational ideals, the freer ethics, the popular revolt in politics, of all the aspects of the modern restless, forward-looking personal and social life, and the applicability to all of them of scientific method, with its hypotheses and bold experimentation, that Professor Dewey has been the first thinker to put the moral and social goal a notch ahead. His philosophy has the great advantage of making nonsensical most of the writing and thinking that has been done in the old terms. See how much of this can be truthfully called anything else than a "juggling with the symbols of learning." See how much of the energy of the moulders of opinion in politics, industry, education, religion, morality, goes to the squaring up of the activity of individuals and groups with certain principles which, however much they may once have been solutions of genuine problems and interpretations of genuine situations, are now mere caked and frozen barricades to activity and understanding.

Professor Dewey has given us a whole new language of meanings. After reading him, you can see nothing again in the old terms. And when

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and frozen language, thinking along the old lazy channels, I feel a savage indignation that Professor Dewey should not be out in the arena of the concrete, himself interpreting current life. I am conscious of his horror of having his ideas petrified into a system. He knows that it will do no good to have his philosophy intellectually believed unless it is also thought and lived. And he knows the uncanny propensity of stupid men to turn even the most dynamic ideas into dogmas. He has seen that in his school world. Meanwhile his influence goes on increasing to an extent of which he is almost innocently unconscious.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

A COMMUNICATION

Decorative Scenery

IN all the discussion of the scenic mounting of Mr. Granville Barker's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," one essential point has been, if not entirely missed, at least but dimly indicated. Perhaps this is natural, since we are so lacking in that public taste without which criticism performs in a vacuum instead of in an atmosphere. But however deficient we may be in that respect, it is a fact that we are recovering from the first shock of our surprise at the new methods of stage setting, are again breathing naturally and beginning to judge. And our judgment is not very likely to be too much affected by Mr. Barker's assertion of personal liking as a justification for that which fails to satisfy or even actively displeases us.

The trouble with the scenery of this piece is that much of it is ugly. Let that be said with all recognition of the intelligence and sincerity that brought it before us—with recognition and with gratitude. But that is not enough. The logic seems to be right, but the result wrong. Why?

We admit that the old efforts at complete realism have, with some large qualifications, failed. And yet as to these we must also admit that when great care, high intelligence, a sense of beauty, were expended upon them, they did not and would not now leave us cold. Irving's setting of "Much Ado" and "The Merchant of Venice" may perhaps be said to have broken down of its own weight, but it was no common weight.

If the fault was in the scheme, it was not in the execution. If the new scheme is right, and it seems as though it should be, it may not neglect execution. Whether or not we view it as a reversion to earlier days or as something entirely new, is beside the question; we are too complicated, too sophisticated, to accept with real pleasure any but the most subtle and sophisticated simplicity. If realism is to be eliminated in order that we may escape the distracting tax of its shortcomings, then simple convention must contain some element that will, by its presence, fill us with a delight that does not distract but leaves our imaginations free to follow happily the action of the play. It is hard to see what this element may be, if not beauty. Where is the beauty in this particular staging? (Be it understood, we are concerned now with scenery alone.)

A drop covered with a sprawling and rather awkward version of a common Greek motive, badly out of scale and jejune in color.

A dark blue affair with stars, which has the element of unfiable fondness for the pink-washed walls of southern Europe, recalls them too little to bring them to our memories, except with pain.

A really charming and imaginative arrangement of the mound, surmounted by a doubtful mosquito refuge of portentous proportions, descending from a wreath which is swagger even in that obvious Welsbach light, but would be far more so had the lighting some dream-like quality.

Curtains which we are invited to consider an adequate suggestion of forest mystery, and of which it must be said that they obstinately refuse to be anything but curtains, poor in texture, uninteresting in pattern, and of color that is negative if not acid.

Of the palace it is hard to speak, vituperation being now almost exhausted. One must agree with Mr. Barker's logic again; the architectural scene lends itself to a realistic return. But why those awful colors? Why set Shakespeare's exquisite fancy in surrounding of vulgar vaudeville?

The new idea is correct: simple, imaginative, beautiful backgrounds can take the place, and far more than the place, of "real" scenes. But they are *not* scenery, they are decoration; and decoration must needs be made by those who are expert in that art, who feel and can produce color, who are as free from the limiting ideas and conventions of the stage as is this plan of setting. When their hands fall upon the task, and not until then, we shall see its realization and the full meaning of the intellectual perception Mr. Barker brings to bear upon his productions. This is so great and so welcome that anything which does not help it is worth discussion.

C. GRANT LA FARGE.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Inevitable in Mexico

SIR: Your editorial in a recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC, entitled "Blundering Into Mexico," is interesting and instructive.

As one of the "few downright fools who think they could get pleasure in staring at a map in which all of Central America was painted red, white and blue," may I be permitted to offer my humble opinion in the matter?

It may of course be quite practicable for the United States to come to some kind of an agreement whereby some sort of stable government could be secured for Mexico, but the only real, the only lasting guarantee of

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America can do for Mexico. Witness Vera Cruz. It is of course true that American occupation could not be attained without a tremendous sacrifice, but it seems quite evident that we will eventually be compelled to intervene, so why not face the inevitable now? Delay may prove dangerous. Every day may make it harder for us to achieve our purpose.

Peace can and will be restored in Mexico—but not by Mexicans. For twenty-five years a crisis has confronted Mexico and not a single man has yet been found honest enough and brave enough to carry her through it. There is but one way out. The way is hard but we shall not shrink from the task. Peace in Mexico is impossible, save under the American flag.

HAROLD FOGEL.

New York City.

Condemning "The Control of Births"

SIR: I feel that your article on "The Control of Births," in the issue of March sixth, is deserving of rebuke beyond the power of words to express. The doctrine there taught is not only flagrant immorality, but criminal, and there should be laws enacted to punish as criminals the sowing of such tares. The article evinces hopeless immorality. The principles there taught may be inspiring to prostitutes and their partners, but it is unfit to enter a Christian household. The statement that the evil of unchastity is greatly exaggerated shows that the writer is utterly ignorant of the normal feminine instincts. I cannot have a paper that would publish such filth come into my house. Please remove my name from your list.

GEORGE HENRY DOLE.

Church of the New Jerusalem.
Wilmington, Del.

Supporting "The Control of Births"

SIR: I have read your article on "The Control of Births" with approbation and applause.

I am a social worker on the lower East Side, where the birth-rate, as you know, is high and appalling, due to the ignorance of the poor and illiterate. Many a woman has come to me with tears in her eyes, to tell me of the horrors she has lived through when being forced into motherhood. The degrading influences of the sex-habit in so many of these homes is a subject that cannot too earnestly be thought of and acted upon.

Society must be awakened and laws amended, if we would have a finer race, and poverty and destitution be reduced to a minimum. Your suggestions for spreading the needed information are splendid, and a great deal could also be done by the earnest individual worker.

I hope to see more articles along this line in your intellectual and humane paper.

(MRS.) DELLA S. LITHGOW.

New York City.

Takes Issue on Russia

SIR: My attention has been called to the article by H. N. Brailsford, "The Slavic Hope," in THE NEW REPUBLIC for January ninth. This article shows either complete ignorance of or simply failure to grasp most elementary facts of Russian history and politics; it should

there is no real tendency toward political unity in the Slav world. Political Panslavism bears the trade-mark "Made in Germany." As one writer says (Levine, *Political Science Quarterly*, December, 1914): "Political Panslavism is, for the German, a useful cover for the deeds and misdeeds of economic Pangermanism." And whatever Slavophilism may be, Pobedonostev was not a Slavophil, but a simple obscurantist; he himself harked back to earlier Slavophilism, but when he did so he represented a perversion of Slavophilism. At the present moment a small unrepresentative group is calling up the teachings of the Slavophils, attempting to apply this theory to the present situation. To do this they must and do consider Germany and Europe as synonymous. This lack of respect for facts has been called to their attention. A Russian historian (Professor Kisevetter, in the *Russkiya Vedomosti* for January 21, 1915) writes: "No, we are not fighting Europe, but Germany. Further, it is in alliance with Europe that we are fighting Germany, and we can do this only because we too are of Europe."

Mr. Brailsford compares the abolition of the government vodka monopoly to the decree of Peter the Great prohibiting the wearing of beards; he sees here proof of further loss "in liberty by this return to the habit of autocratic legislation." Is the writer ignorant of the movement for temperance that has been going on in Russia for many years, of the protests coming from conservatives as well as liberal and radical circles, against Russia's "drunken Budget," to use an expression so current in Russian politics? Does Mr. Brailsford know of the debates on a local option law passed by the Duma and the Imperial Council just a year ago, and of the dismissal of a Minister of Finance on this very issue? And finally, did the writer take the trouble to read the Russian newspapers for the month of August last, the first month of the war? Had he done so, he must have seen how all parties worked to secure the permanent closing of the government vodka shops, which had been shut down originally only for the term of mobilization.

The attitude taken by all parties and all classes toward the vodka question, and this at a moment when the public was occupied with the many questions relative to the beginning of hostilities, testified to the moral awakening of the Russian people of which so many of her friends are firmly convinced. And the permanent closing of the vodka shops was a clear victory for the people as against the government policy and the bureaucracy.

Mr. Brailsford represents an important group of English thinkers. And it is interesting to note how now, as at other times, the views and statements of the English Radical with regard to Russian politics coincide most strangely with the views and statements of the Russian reactionary. As Russian newspapers are emphasizing, it is these two groups that are now evidencing, in their respective countries, the same "Germanophil" tendencies. The "peace party" in Russia at the present moment is the old friend whom we always called the "German party." Their recent intrigues have been exposed to the light, and thus rendered ineffective. They are led by Count Witte and Markov 2nd, who have always been the frank opponents of liberty and progress in Russia. By the attitude they take toward Russia, are not the English Radicals playing into the hands of these intriguers? Mr. Brailsford may believe that the Liberals in Russia are over-confident of the victory of their cause.

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Sweetness Without Light

Daddy Long-Legs, a comedy in four acts, by Jean Webster. Presented at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, September 14, 1914.

AMONG the managerial triumphs of 1914-15, "Daddy Long-Legs" is conspicuous. People do not precisely rave over it, nor is the run on it so great that you cannot procure a seat without resorting to corrupt practices. But there is no doubt that public response to it is ample, genuine and free. It began by succeeding as a serial. It has had two hundred performances in New York alone. Its audiences give every sign that they enjoy it. Men weep at it, and the number of laughs must tickle the managerial gizzard. The star, Miss Ruth Chatterton, provokes exclamatory praise. It is, in brief, a representative popular comedy.

In government the voice of the people is the voice of God. In the interest of the critical, it is worth inquiring how godlike is that same voice in the theatre. How does "Daddy Long-Legs" satisfy the critical, and if it fails to satisfy them, are they wise in their own conceit? Is it out of priggishness that the critical pronounce the popular to be the inferior? Are they like Antoinette, lifting supercilious eyebrows and languidly marveling why the populace does not subsist on cake, or are they simply perceptive, seeing through a fraud that deludes a public more susceptible than themselves? The inquiry is important, for while it may be unwelcome to be identified with the groundling, it is no less unwelcome to be identified with the snob.

"Daddy Long-Legs" is a variation on the theme of Cinderella. It is the romance of an orphan in blue gingham to whom an elderly bachelor plays angel. For her the night is dark and drear and she is far from happiness, but he, the benign one who hides his benefactions under the name of John Smith, leads her on with kindly light, and after she follows the road courageously, he reveals himself to her, and their grateful hearts unite in love.

"Daddy Long-Legs" starts by making the plight of Cinderella quite adequately dark and drear. The first scene has actuality. It introduces us to a cheerless orphan asylum of which the matron is odious—sweet and ingratiating with the unimaginative trustees, but arbitrary, mean and cruel with the children. The oldest of these unfortunates is Judy, our heroine. The little mother of her wistful, pallid juniors, she is a William Tell in the face of tyrant authority; and when the shrewish matron reproves her before the angry trustees whose monthly lunch has been spoiled by the mixture of salt with their sugar, she flames out against the whole institution, winning the disapproval of the rigid visitants, but the silent sympathy of one Jervis Pendleton, the grey-haired bachelor trustee.

Prompted by his colleague, the good Miss Pritchard, Jervis provides Judy with enough money to send her to college. She does not know her anonymous savior, but christens him Daddy Long-Legs from his shadow in the lights of the motor that take him away. We next see her, a year later, a transformed undergraduate in a fashionable pink frock, rooming with Jervis's niece. She is the happiest girl in the world, except for memories of the orphan asylum, and when the good Miss Pritchard and the unsuspected Jervis come to see her, he is deeply attracted by her insouciance, her wit and her worth. Incidentally, good elderly soul, he is jealous of the bright young Princetonian who whisks Judy away to the "prom." Judy knows better, and so do the audience, but the tragedy would have been final if Judy had not decided to take her trouble to Daddy Long-Legs in person. Guided by the good Miss Pritchard to the home of Jervis Pendleton, now laid low with a gunshot wound, Judy discovers that the benefactor she has adored and the man she loves are one. The truth at first is blinding. The audience trembles lest another slip occur, but wide arms clasp yielding Judy, and the heart plays Home, Sweet Home.

Admirably Mr. Charles Waldron manages his part as the benevolent Daddy, and Mrs. Jacques Martin is delightfully creative as his old nurse. But the chief object of the play is to feed up Judy as the emotional Strassburg goose, and for that reason the performance of Miss Ruth Chatterton is the index both to its worth and its popularity. If the public is right, Miss Chatterton must be appealing, and if she isn't appealing there is a flaw in popular taste. The general verdict, on the whole, is that she is adorable, a "sweety, peachy actress." Her mournfulness, her soulful tones, her rolled eyes and crooked smile give the majority what they want. What they want, therefore, is not a real orphan working out a real destiny, but a fiction-fed actress posing for fiction-fed minds. They really like sentimentalism sentimentally interpreted, turnip smothered in sugar offered as an apple of life.

Where the critic diverges from the public is on this notion of sentiment. It is a natural human longing to see worth rewarded and aching comforted and starvation fed. But where the public is willing to see real hardships solaced adventitiously, the critic is only ironically amused. Both agree that after a rough journey it is pleasant to slip into a warm bath. But in "Daddy Long-Legs" the bath is introduced too automatically. It can only appeal to those chafed pilgrims who grasp at any vision of relaxation, or to those magnanimous auditors whose hearts are tubs for the tired.

In the critical view, Judy is never a personality. She is a devotional fly embraced by a benevolent Daddy Long-Legs. But it is exactly this picture of voluptuous dependence that seems romantic to the uncritical many. They know in their hearts that life is not a fairyland, but they revel in the make-believe. Living lives emotionally impoverished, performing dull chores or engaged in routine jobs, they sink back in blissfulness at this version of a dream come true. Coolly examined, the story of "Daddy Long-Legs" is falsification throughout. By every theatrical device sympathy is worked up for Judy, and by every trick and dodge Miss Chatterton avails of this mood. To the fastidious it is disgusting—as disgusting as the use of sugar for the disguise of a venerable cooking egg. But in monotonous lives there is a great craving for sweetness, and so, since the disguise is plausible, the general public is glad to be cheated to indulge in the perversion of life. It does not, however, prove that the public is wrong to desire sweetness. It only proves that it is always willing, in art as in religion, to behave like a child and to believe that life is, after all, a cake which may be eaten without being earned.

But children enjoy it? *My* children have no such illu-

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Books and Things

BROWN: Assuming, as a matter of routine courtesy, that there is something in what you say, I still don't see how it's practicable to keep all militarist literature out of young people's hands. Take, for example, this book I've been reading lately. It is called "Hymnal According to the Use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." An elderly edition, printed in England, I observe with regret. It is a militarist publication. Glorious is the war to which the Great King goes, after girding on his sword and ascending his conquering car. His son, girt with his Father's might, appears in a wreath of flame and robe of storm. When he goes forth to war his blood-red banner streams afar. Christ the Captain, Christ the Conqueror, is welcomed in Heaven with shoutings. Glittering robes are worn by conquerors. The Hymnal paints pictures of everlasting bliss with militarist colors. Very different pictures there are in the Hymnal, I grant you, but would any church-going child learn from them to regard war as in itself undesirable? Would he not learn, on the contrary, that war is the means to an end which justifies the means? What do you propose to do? Abolish the Hymnal, expurgate it, or what?

Guy: I would not be irreverent, but it seems to me that the time has come for subjecting the Hymnal to a somewhat thorough process of revision. This work should be performed tenderly and tremblingly, by a mixed commission composed of persons in holy orders and godly laymen. Their task would be as delicate as the reward of its successful performance would be rich. A few hymns, though not so many as you appear to think, would have to be omitted. These few, into the very grain of which the military spirit had entered, might perhaps be reissued in a separate volume, for the private perusal of Christians who had passed the age of military service. With those more numerous hymns which are militarist only in certain lines or certain stanzas the committee would go differently to work. It would entrust the task of rewriting them to a carefully selected corps of Christians blessed with the gift of sacred song. Every reference to implements used exclusively in warfare, like arrows and swords, would be scrupulously and reverently effaced. References to certain other implements, useful both in war and in the arts of peace, like chariots and armor, which is sometimes worn solely as a protection against the assassin's knife, would be kept or removed according to the use for which, in the particular hymn involved, the implement appeared to be intruded.

Robinson: A sort of conditional contraband, eh?

Guy: Now, while it is more than likely that in Heaven, as we shall some day see it, Christ's victory over sin will be celebrated daily throughout eternity, and that the Celestial City will always look as if freshly decorated in commemoration of a military triumph, still we must remember that these insistent references to warfare cannot possibly prove dangerous to the redeemed. In a community of the blessed, when the last war has been fought and gloriously won, there can be no possibility of breaches of the peace. You cannot have a war later than the last. I need not elaborate this point, but will proceed merely to say, that whereas the Hymnal after expurgation may give us a less faithful likeness of Heaven than the Hymnal in its present state, yet this sacrifice of truth is justified by the fact that among sinners, for whose use, after all, the Bible and the Prayer Book tolerate Sunday after Sunday the English of most of our hymns?

Brown: Let me think a minute. What would that Heaven be like which we should see in your revised and diminished Hymnal? A place where fountains of living water refreshed the weary, where there was happiness after sorrow, perfection after sin, where the solemn pomp of redemption was accompanied by noblest music. Saints and angels blessing the Lord forever would fill Heaven with a sound of endless praise. Yes, I see the picture.

Robinson: Your excellent intentions, Guy, might possibly have this result—the young, who are a peculiar people, might not like the prospect of such a pacifist Heaven. Even now, with the Hymnal in its present unregenerate state, I am not certain, not quite certain, that all boys and girls are satisfied with an eternity in which Fourth of July is so heavily alloyed with Sabbath calm. What will they say to your safe and sane Heaven? In time, I admit, pacifist imagery may crowd out of the moral and spiritual life all the imagery that has come down to us from the old military world, where the taking and giving of blows was all in the day's salvation. This change may come fast or come slow. I've no idea which. But certainly it cannot be made without a good deal of tact. What does the Christian do now, when he sees the host of sin advancing, Satan leading off? Puts his armor upon him, doesn't he, takes his sword in his hand, and jumps into the thick of the fight. How about your pacifist Christian? He won't fight. He won't even rattle his saber or don his shining armor when he hears that the hosts of sin are mobilizing. He will approach Satan diplomatically, with an offer to submit their differences to arbitration. Perhaps the Christian will next recall his ambassador. He may declare an embargo. Any way, as I see it, we must suppose the pacifist Christian life to include a transition from a state of peace with Satan to—no matter what, so long as it isn't war. This supposition is violently contradictory of the present orthodox view, namely, that the Christian and Satan are always at war, with never an armistice. I see by the expression in your face, Guy, that you wish to interrupt me. Curb that wish.

Guy: One moment! One moment! You have convinced me that we must drive all warlike imagery from our inner spiritual life. We must not even think of peace, for peace suggests war. Let our task be to reconceive the Christian life in modern terms, to conceive the Christian's endeavor as a progress from poverty to riches, or from sickness to health. Surely the medical science of today, so much more extensive even than that which furnished the mind of Saint Luke, the Beloved Physician, will prove rich in pertinent imagery. Besides, the conception of sin as sickness is already familiar.

Robinson: I prefer sin as sickness to sin as poverty. Words like deposit, dividend, coupon and overdraft are not easily used in the service of edification. But in time I could get to think of the moral life as relapse, convalescence, reinfection and ultimate discharge as cured.

Brown: The fact that you have both stopped talking, in defiance of probability, disposes me to think that other things may stop, even war. When war is dead, imagery which is now inflammatory will do no harm. Until that day comes you had better leave the Hymnal alone. Let it remain what it now is, despite its hospitality to a few masterpieces, like Addison's "Spacious Firmament," a beautiful example of the degradation of noble material by inferior talents. How can people nourished on the English

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Booth Tarkington's New Novel

The Turmoil, by Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.

MR. George Primrose, meeting in Paris an old friend who had turned into an expert buyer of pictures, and asking how one became "a cognoscento so very suddenly," was told that nothing was easier: "The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules: the one, always to observe that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino."

Quite as simple are the rules for reviewing a new book by Mr. Booth Tarkington. You must always say that the book sounds as if Mr. Tarkington greatly enjoyed observing life and making up stories. You must add that he is a notable imaginer of talk that hits off the talker's character.

Both of these old assertions are proved again by "The Turmoil," which is a full-length portrait of an American business man against a background of smoky, sooty midland city. Sheridan, the man's name is. He has had his ups and downs, he once came rather near the penitentiary, he is playing safe now, and making the game pay. On his dinner table, when he loudly and enormously celebrates his removal to the New House, in a fashionable part of town, stands a model of the Sheridan Building, tallest of the city's skyscrapers, in icing. There too are models of the Sheridan Apartments and the Pump Works. Sheridan roars and sings through that dinner, tasteless, unperceiving, boastful. The worship and the service of bigness are his life. He can conceive the existence of no other gods. Noisily and threateningly he goes his domineering way. Blindly, also, for he crushes his second son with overwork, and doesn't even try to understand his dreamy youngest son, Bibbs.

And yet—nevertheless—somehow—after all. Sheridan, as you come to know him better, doesn't indeed force you to retract more than one or two of your earlier judgments. Most of the things you said about him were true and stay true. But you end by seeing how far they fall short of telling the whole story. You can't help respecting Sheridan's momentum. Work and grief give him a kind of dignity and a kind of touchingness. His judgments are not ungenerous—see how he understands and admires the brave girl who wouldn't marry his eldest son for money. He is boastful—but he pretends he didn't risk his life to save his youngest son's.

You begin by disliking Sheridan and end by liking him. Impossible to put your finger on the moment when the change set in. You shirk the difficulty by saying time has done the trick, paying thus a deserved compliment to Mr. Tarkington, time's imitator and rival. The gradualness of your change of mind, about Sheridan and Sheridan's city, is due to Mr. Tarkington's excellent craftsmanship. The incompleteness of the change is due to his wisdom. He does not forget that this energy he makes you respect and admire is imprisoning, that more liberal lives are lived elsewhere, not upon Sheridan's terms. Which is only a way of saying that Mr. Tarkington's heart's desire doesn't keep his imagination from understanding the desires of various hearts.

Stevenson would have liked the words Mr. Tarkington has put into Sheridan's mouth. Nearly all Sheridan's speeches, whether long-winded or short, angry or vehe- possibly entertain. Freud replies that truth is never inde-

most successful pictures of American business men.

A novel by Mr. Tarkington often leaves you wondering how widely or how slightly different it would have been if he had chosen to take his talent a little more seriously. "The Turmoil" does just this. It contains, besides the central figure, two sound sketches of less important business men, Sheridan's elder sons. It contains a conventional picture of an overdressed and vindictive adultress, who would not be out of place in a rather poor play. It contains a couple of negro servants whose manufacture must have cost Mr. Tarkington exactly nothing. It represents, with accuracy and without insistence, the attitude of very busy American men toward their "social superiors," and the very different attitude of these same men's wives and sisters.

And of course "The Turmoil" contains a love story. A girl whose family is in bitter need of money bravely decides to marry for money, rather nobly decides not to, and ends by getting money plus a man she loves. Love wakes an ineffective dreamer and turns him into an effective man of business. Rather a commonplace love story, made very engaging by the pleasantness of the lovers, he self-depreciative and humorous, she concise and spirited and plucky.

There is also in "The Turmoil" a figure quite as interesting as Sheridan himself, a figure the author didn't try to paint, his own. That Mr. Tarkington has an extraordinary natural gift for character-drawing, especially in dialogue, that he is a most workmanlike observer and renderer of surfaces—so much nobody can help seeing. You are almost as certain that he does not care to go very deep into the human heart; that his love of romance is rather strangely at peace with his desire to get the real look of things; that he values his finest achievements as lightly as he values his least fine, that he pleases himself while doing both and forgets both when done. Behind the artist you guess at somebody further withdrawn, generous-minded, tolerant, a lover of courage and beauty and energy, a lover of life; a man who sees with his own eyes, freshly, things that are not very new.

Hero Myths According to Freud

The Myth of the Birth of the Hero, by Dr. Otto Rank. Authorized translation from the German by Drs. F. Robbins and Smith Ely Jelliffe. New York: Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Co. $1.00.

THAT the mind of the child comes into the world alive with racial experiences; that its early years are passed in a struggle to fix its own position; that after the first few years the record of this fixation sinks into the unconscious, only to be revived in symbolic dreams, in fancy and in imagination, all of which contain wishes, is the basis of the Freudian psychology. According to it, the infantile mind contains potentialities of everything human: its struggle to find itself reproduces all the life- and death-grapples of the race. It generally conquers—generally reaches a normal biological fixation. When the victory is not won, the struggle continues into adult life, and is manifested in the extraordinary behavior of certain neurotics.

His critics call Freud indecent and accuse him of investing the mind of the child with thoughts it could not

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that they concern early phases of development only, and then, for the most part, disappear.

The theory begins with an axiom, for these early mental experiences are rarely accessible to direct examination. The proof of the final proposition is the demonstration that no subsequent conclusion conflicts with the axiom. Freud and his industrious followers may be relied on to make any such conflict improbable, for they admit no constant standard for the symbols found in dreams, although these symbols are indispensable to the method. They make symbols mean what they like. The result is that the modern dream interpreters, in explaining the fancies of others have few checks put upon their own, and oftentimes the results of their inquiries suggest revelation rather than science. But on the other hand, now and then they hit on a result so startling in its human truth that the theory or method or whatever it is cannot be brushed aside because it does not follow beaten paths or because it reveals things about ourselves or about our friends which arouse our finer feelings to revolt.

The Freudian hypotheses have resulted chiefly from analyses of individual cases of neurosis, and from these the most sweeping generalizations have been drawn. The book by Dr. Rank is one of the few serious attempts to substantiate them by a critical examination of evidence not derived exclusively by means of this method.

Hero myths of such prominent civilized peoples as the Babylonians, Hebrews, Hindoos, Iranians, Persians, Greeks, Romans and Teutons, constitute the material. It appears that the history of the birth and early life of all myth heroes is interwoven with fantastic features, and all of the stories are bafflingly similar. The author emphasizes especially the following fundamental analogies. There are obstacles to the birth of the hero who has been prophesied, and mystery and uncertainty as to his parenthood. He is often exposed to the water (Moses, Perseus, etc.) and water is considered as a symbol of birth (Venus, the stork, the child carrier, Lohengrin coming and going by water). The hero, uncertainly born, is rescued by animals or shepherds or lowly people. Eventually he attains rank and honors, takes revenge on his father (Oedipus) or returns to him (Jesus). Through all there is mystery as to the parentage of the hero (the main interest in Lohengrin) and a final exaltation of him. Rank compares the essentials with those of a common phantasy of childhood, which as far as sexual rivalry is concerned is best illustrated by the Oedipus myth. Oedipus, presumably a foundling, kills his father, takes his place, and marries his mother. The child, say the Freudians, dissatisfied with his position of inferiority in the family, develops a phantasy similar in content to the Oedipus myth.

The resentment of the male child is toward his father. The child's egotistic fantasy strives for some more satisfactory position for himself, and this wish often finds its realization in the fabrications that he is superior to his environment and that as a consequence these two old people are not his real parents. That this phantasy, even though forgotten, is practically constant in most children, the Freudians claim they can show by dream analysis; and that some such idea frequently remains in conscious memory is a fact well known before Freud. The present writer has a vivid recollection of a winter day, years ago, when he missed his dinner by reason of it. He waited for hours on the snow-packed main street of a country town, sion, where he was anxiously awaited as heir, and which was quite a different affair from the modest wooden structure in which his real parents lived. Such phantasies are accounted for by a feeling of resentment on the part of the child at his position of inequality. In the actual world he finds himself reproved, pushed aside, loved less than he should be; in his feeling of resentment and jealousy he desires a world where he shall be the central figure, the hero, and presto! he finds what he wants in the world of phantasy—the land of dreams. But in this world which his wishes construct he must lose his parents through his own exaltation; for he has become king, prince, president, millionaire, base-ball captain, a person of far greater influence than would be consistent with his humdrum surroundings.

The same exaltation is frequently achieved by the insane. Those interested in criminal cases may recall that a man named Robin, or Robinowitsch, who was tried for embezzlement in New York a few years ago, declared that the old Russian couple who had brought him to this country as a child were not his parents. The public interpreted this as additional evidence of ingratitude and depravity; but the alienists maintained that it was quite in keeping with the prisoner's ideas of grandeur. Both childhood phantasies and delusions of grandeur—which reproduce childhood phantasies—contain all the essential elements of hero myths—viz. doubt as to birth, and exaltation of self, both sprung from a feeling of resentment, this latter being shown in the myths through revenge on the father, as exemplified in the Oedipus myth.

For further details of this exposition the reader is referred to the book. The author concludes that infantile phantasy is the source of the first myth and that the first myth is a composite infantile phantasy. He rejects absolutely the interpretation which personifies the hero with the processes of nature. He calls the myth the "dream of the masses of the people." It is not constructed by the hero himself, but by adults who invest the hero with their own infantile history. The investiture is drawn, not from conscious memories, but from the fantastic dreamland of childhood, which is the chief source of creative imagination.

PEARCE BAILEY, M.D.

From Peace to Patriotism

A Belgian Christmas Eve, by Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00 net.

BEFORE the war, friends of Mr. Alfred Noyes took him to task for neglecting his lyric gift in order to agitate for the peace movement, expound amateur philosophy in public lectures, and undertake other duties which are well performed by many who have not the rare privilege of being able to write a poem. Mr. Noyes is said to have replied on one of these occasions that if it came to a question of alternatives, he would rather help the peace movement than create poetry. In a more consecrated poet it would have been a courageous attitude; in a less platitudinous philosopher it would have been a hopeful one.

"A Belgian Christmas Eve" was originally produced in 1913 as an anti-war play entitled "Rada." Its scene in the Balkans, it presented the contrast of war with Christianity by showing a state of belligerency in a small village on

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vival of the fittest." It was not a distinguished play, but it helped the propaganda. The inference was that no Christian nation should fight.

This winter anyone who reads the headlines is hardly likely to need Mr. Noyes's preaching. Yet "Rada" has been refurbished and re-issued. Mr. Noyes himself seems to have felt its inappropriateness. He has given the soldiers German names, removed the scene to Belgium, and inserted into the dialogue all the stale gibes at "Kultur"—not sparing Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner. And to complete the shift of the argument, Mr. Noyes has added a prologue glorifying a warlike England as defender of the faith.

If a poet had set out to illustrate the weakness of his artistic conscience and the commonplace character of his thinking, he could not have done better. Christianity, Peace, and England thank Mr. Noyes. But they would be less embarrassed if he would give us instead, if he still can, more verse like "The Highwayman" or "The Barrel-Organ."

A Good Book About Chaucer

Chaucer and His Poetry, by George Lyman Kittredge, Professor of English in Harvard University. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.25 net.

PROFESSOR Kittredge, one of the foremost Chaucer scholars in the world, is the kind of scholar whose vast special knowledge doesn't keep him from enjoying his subject. From his knowledge he picks with a nice hand things which do not get opaquely between Chaucer and Chaucer's readers. Seen through them Chaucer is more interesting than ever, more defined, enlighteningly related to his time and to his other sources. Professor Kittredge has the faculty of never giving answers without making the questions seem worth while. His erudition is used so as to keep its subject in the foreground and itself in the background.

In his opinions upon aesthetics Professor Kittredge often tempts a reader to quarrel with him. Surely the critics who find naïveté in Chaucer do not all mean that his character was innocent and artless? The word naïveté, used of an artist, often implies nothing as to his character. It is merely a short description of that innocence of eye which enables a man to see things for himself, as if nobody had seen them before. It is opposed to conventionality, to routine, to the habit of letting what you have been told dictate what you shall look at and how you shall see it.

These lectures, having almost the form in which they were delivered last spring at Johns Hopkins University, make a very readable book. Professor Kittredge seldom writes over-learnedly. Sentences like the following are rare: "He did agnize a natural and prompt alacrity he felt in boredom." They are atoned for by more familiar passages, such as this: "Think of the smoking-room of a small steamship with only three or four dozen passengers. These men might live side by side in a row of brick houses for a hundred years and scarcely know each other's faces. Break the shaft, keep them at sea for an extra week, and, if they aren't careful and if the cigars hold out, they will empty their hearts to one another with an indiscretion that may shock them to death when they remember it ashore." Was it Chamfort who described an ocean voyage as the

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Author of "A Preface to Politics"

From "TWO NOTEWORTHY BOOKS on DEMOCRACY"

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in *The Outlook*

THERE are books of which it is impossible to make an epitome, and which therefore it is impossible to review, save in the way of calling attention to their excellence. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," Lowell's "Study of Representative Government in Europe," Thayer's "Study of Cavour," illustrates what is meant by this statement. Two new volumes, "Progressive Democracy," by Herbert Croly, and "Drift and Mastery," by Walter Lippmann, come in this category. No man who wishes seriously to study our present social, industrial and political life with the view of guiding his thought and action so as to work for national betterment in the future can afford not to read these books through and through and to ponder and digest them. They worthily carry forward the argument contained in the authors' previous works—"The Promise of American Life," by Mr. Croly, and "A Preface to Politics," by Mr. Lippmann.

Both of these writers stand foremost among those of our thinkers who recognize the grave abuses of our present system and the need of breaking the shackles which the interested beneficiaries and the disinterested but fanatical devotees of the past would impose upon us. Each is entirely fearless in opposing mischievous action, even although it is now or has been recently supported by the great majority of our people.

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"It is not easy within the limits of a review to do justice to Mr. Herbert Croly's volume on 'Progressive Democracy.' It offers an acute and elaborate analysis of a particularly complex subject matter—the progress of democracy in the United States—with a view to the elucidation of the aims, spirit, and method of democracy that is, in the author's judgment, truly progressive. . . . The examination of the history of parties, their underlying motives and tendencies, and the concrete results they have produced is illuminating. . . . His spirit is admirably candid, and though his criticism is intended to be destructive and his ideal unquestionably revolutionary, he is impartial, and his ultimate purpose is in the broadest sense constructive and humane. . . . His work is that of a moralist and not at all that of a visionary. It deserves careful attention."—*New York Times.*

"Political theory and history in vigorous exposition. . . . Mr. Croly, in this book, as in his biography of Marcus Hanna and his earlier work on 'The Promise of American Life,' shows himself to be a master of interpretation of the trend of American democracy."—*Boston Herald.*

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